

## The Evening World

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## TWO DOLLAR WHEAT?

**"BLACK RUST,"** in what is said to be one of the most destructive epidemics on record, has attacked the wheat belt of the Northwest, and the damage in Minnesota and the two Dakotas, where the greater part of the spring crop is grown, will be heavy.

This information is given out by the Department of Agriculture, which does not minimize the effect likely to be produced upon the country's total wheat production, and which even admits the possibility of \$2 wheat.

The news is serious—the more so because speculation is already busy with the prospective wheat supply, the price of flour is 60 per cent. above normal and bakers all over the country are issuing warnings that a five-cent loaf of bread cannot be turned out much longer at anything short of actual loss.

The situation is further complicated by extraordinary and feverish demands from Europe, where prices are so high as to put a powerful temptation in the way of big food dealers in this country whose greed is stronger than their patriotism.

Even with the promise of record crops, only the utmost vigilance could save American consumers from being exploited through steady advances of the prices of wheat and bread.

All the more reason why in the face of an "off" wheat year some way should be found to begin and effectively maintain a just and reasonable degree of control over the wheat market in this country, in order that conspirators and speculators, by their plottings and manipulations, may not take advantage of unfavorable crop reports to reap their own rich harvests at the expense of American householders.

The antics of the Republican campaign managers and their candidate remind us of what Low Fields used to say when partner Joe was thrashing about the stage and endangering the scenery:

"Leaf him alone. He'll lick himself."

## THE DEUTSCHLAND HOME.

**T**HE safe arrival of the submarine Deutschland at Bremen rounds out with complete success one of the greatest maritime exploits ever attempted.

The elusive cargo boat has now crossed and recrossed the Atlantic, twice dodging the allied cruisers along the coast of the United States and twice slipping through the formidable British blockading fleets in the North Sea, where not even a floating bottle gets by unscathed. A gallant feat—the more to be applauded because it had to be performed under the very noses of enemy ships waiting and watching for the craft of whose movements up to a certain point they had full knowledge.

The round trip was accomplished, moreover, without serious mishap to engines or men, cargoes duly delivered at both ends, and the stay in American waters happily marked by the most scrupulous observance of neutrality requirements on the part of this Government and corresponding correctness of attitude on the part of the Deutschland's commander and crew.

With the Bremen on the way and the Deutschland in perfect condition to start back, there is every indication that a regular submarine line will be established. But even though the Deutschland's trip stood alone, it would still rank as a clean-cut achievement of the first class, executed fairly and within the rules—which any nation might well celebrate and even its enemies applaud.

The Bulgars, it seems, didn't invent that famous bug-milk diet for nothing.

## DOMESTIC SAFE DEPOSIT.

**W**E SHOULD think cobblers by this time would be wary of accepting women's shoes for repair without first feeling inside to see if any of the family valuables are stored there.

A Bronx mender of shoes is in trouble this week because he can't produce \$1,000 worth of diamonds which a woman customer is sure were in the heel of an old shoe she sent to him. Some months ago, she claims, she put five diamond rings and a gold bracelet in the shoe, placed it in the closet and forgot about it until several hours after her daughter had taken the footgear to the cobbler's shop. When accused the cobbler protested that he had seen nothing of the jewels, but the owner's complaint caused his arrest.

Shoes, sugar bowls and mattresses are a woman's favorite hiding places for money and diamonds. It is not unreasonable to assume, however, that a woman who could forget that she had tucked away \$1,000 of jewelry in an old shoe might also forget that she had taken it out again and stowed it somewhere else.

The trouble with these feminine devices for safe deposit is that, though ingenious and economical, they are apt to give rise periodically to acute household scares, and, worse still, to bring suspicion and distress upon innocent persons.

## Letters From the People

A Is Right.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
A man buys an article for \$1 and sells it for \$2. A says he gains 100 per cent.; B says he gains 50 per cent. Who is right?  
R. P.

A, Ros B, Yes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
(A) Have any foreign governments been visiting the right to detain for war service an American citizen born in the country? (B) Is George Primrose, the minstrel, still living?  
J. M. K.

North and South.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Does Broadway run north and south or east and west?  
A READER.

Will Open Sept. 25.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Are all the schools to be closed until October on account of infantile paralysis?  
READER.

No Papers Needed.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Do first citizenship papers entitle me to get a hunting license as an American citizen or not?  
CONSTANT READER.

Steel.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Let me know materials in a locomotive wheel.  
H. O. M. B.

Nov. 24.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
What was the date of the last October 4 in the night he telephoned to Marie in a restaurant. At the last moment I came down with one of my blinding sick headaches, so Ned had to go alone.  
Ned had to go alone, and simple, my dear," purred Mrs. Furman. "You didn't realize that that sort of thing starts talk, innocent that you are. Ned should be a restaurateur. But I suppose he didn't think, either."

Then I showed her some of my wedding presents, and half an hour later she was gone.

"I must have been out of it," I remembered. "I lied unthinkingly. 'Ned has a pretty cousin who was passing through town that day. Her- she had to go out, so we planned to take Marie to a restaurant. At the last moment I came down with one of my blinding sick headaches, so Ned had to go alone.'"

"Perfectly natural, and simple, my dear," purred Mrs. Furman. "You didn't realize that that sort of thing starts talk, innocent that you are. Ned should be a restaurateur. But I suppose he didn't think, either."

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## Such Is Life

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By Maurice Ketten



## Just a Wife (Her Diary)

Edited By Janet Trevor  
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CHAPTER XVII.

OCT. 16.—Mrs. Furman called on me this afternoon. She is an old friend of mother's who has known me since I was a little girl. She is made up 50 per cent. of kindness and 50 per cent. of busybodyishness. She met Ned several times during our engagement, but this is the first call she has paid me since our marriage.

"Child, I'm glad to see you!" she exclaimed warmly. "But you're looking a bit pale and I think you're thinner than you were. What's the matter?"

"Nothing," I replied, uneasily conscious of her sharp though good natured scrutiny. "I had not known that my worries during the last few weeks had left a physical imprint."

"I rather felt the hot weather this summer," I continued, "and probably the effects of it haven't altogether disappeared."

Mrs. Furman leaned forward and placed one plump hand on my knee. "You are married to a good man—who is good to you?"

"Ned is the most wonderful husband in the world," I told her. "There's nobody like him, and I'm absolutely happy."

Mrs. Furman sat back in her chair with a sigh of relief. "Then I can tell you something," she said. "At first I was afraid. But there's undoubtedly some simple explanation. However, I think you should speak to Ned in order that he may not inadvertently start gossip."

"What do you mean?" I asked, in a voice which, I had not known that I managed to keep natural.

"Only this," amplified Mrs. Furman. "About three or four nights ago I saw Ned dining at Wyckoff's with a pretty blonde young woman. Don't usually go to that gay restaurant, but some Western friends were visiting us and wanted to see a bit of Broadway night life. Your husband and this girl evidently were enjoying themselves together."

"Wait a minute, dear Mrs. Furman," I interrupted, forcing myself to show no emotion. "What night was this?"

"Let me see," she pondered. "Yes, I must have been Oct. 4."

"I remember," I lied unthinkingly. "Ned has a pretty cousin who was passing through town that day. Her- she had to go out, so we planned to take Marie to a restaurant. At the last moment I came down with one of my blinding sick headaches, so Ned had to go alone."

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## The Last Civil War Veteran In the U. S. Army.

O F the nearly 5,000 active officers of the United States army, there is now not a single one left who took part in the Civil War. The last of the Union veterans of Uncle Sam's fighting forces retired from active service a year ago, on Aug. 13, after having held for more than a year the distinction of being the last Civil War survivor in the army. He was John L. Clem, and at his retirement he held the rank of Brigadier General, to which he was promoted from that of Colonel not long before he was eliminated from the list of active officers.

Gen. "Johnny" Clem was born in Neward, Ohio, Aug. 13, 1851, and he was not quite ten when President Lincoln issued his first call for volunteers. Johnny was an orphan, and he wanted very much to go to war. He appealed to a friend, Capt. McDougal, a company commander in the Third Ohio, asking that he be enlisted as a drummer boy. McDougal was impressed with the earnestness of the lad, but he refused to accept the responsibility. Nevertheless, when the Third Ohio set out for the front, Johnny Clem accompanied the regiment. McDougal remaining obstinate, Johnny crossed the river to Covington, Ky., and applied to the commanding officer of the Twenty-second Michigan, there encamped. At length, after making use of all his persuasive powers, the youngster was enlisted as a sort of reserve drummer. Johnny quickly made himself the pet of the regiment, and he was fitted out not only with a drum, but with a musket, a barrel of the latter was sawed off so as to make it

light enough for the lad to carry. The future last survivor of Civil War officers got into his first action at the battle of Shiloh. He didn't stay in the rear, but was in the very midst of the fighting. During the battle a shell exploded near him and a fragment struck his drum with such force as to knock the boy to the ground unconscious.

After that experience Johnny Clem became "Johnny Shiloh" and his nickname and the fame of it spread over the land. At Chickamauga he was again in the hottest part of the battlefield. This time he left his drum behind and, armed with his sawed-off musket, became an active combatant. Throughout that bloody struggle the boy fought with all the valor and coolness of a veteran, and his bravery won official recognition from Gen. Rosecrans, who made the lad a sergeant. He was the youngest of that rank who ever fought in the United States army.

Besides Shiloh and Chickamauga, the youthful sergeant fought in the battles of Kennesaw Mountain, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Atlanta, Nashville and other engagements. After the war Gen. Grant used his influence to get Johnny Clem appointed to a higher position of their sales force. But that doesn't mean that the country merchant makes more money. Wouldn't you prefer to net 10 per cent. on a volume of \$50,000 to 20 per cent. on that of \$50,000?

"In my opinion, most retailers in the great cities could get along with the same profit on a smaller volume of sales. The surplus in low-priced space and use your store exclusively for sales purposes; that's the proper policy."

Mr. Jarr remembered some recent incidents in which his boss and his boss's fair wife, Clara Mudridge-Smith, were concerned. And he sensed the present situation.

"Well, sir," he replied, "a man in my position, sir, to fill that position acceptably must be discreet and keep all affairs, either personal or business, that concern the firm or its members, secret. He should never breathe a word, sir, no matter how small his salary, nor how long he is kept upon the same paltry stipend, despite the increase of his own expenses due to the high cost of living."

"The very thing that occurred to me," said the boss affably. "Mr. Jarr, moment Mr. Jarr," said the boss, looking out of his private office.

Mr. Jarr was not always ahead or even abreast of the times in the matter of office hours. He glanced apprehensively at the clock. But fortunately Johnson, the cashier, had there before Mr. Jarr, had set back the clock fifteen minutes to save himself.

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"Shut the door, Mr. Jarr," said the boss.

Mr. Jarr did so, and the boss fumbled with his watch chain for a moment and then said: "Um—er, Mr. Jarr, you are here in a position of um—er trust, and while there are some matters in which possibly you are lax, I can um—er, ahem—recommend your discretion. You never—ahem—conspire about the firm's affairs, even to your intimates?"

"Certainly not, sir!" said Mr. Jarr briskly.

"Very good," the boss went on, somewhat nervously. "It is—ahem—a most commendable trait. A business man in a position of trust should never—um—er—discuss the firm's affairs, nor—ahem—any personal affairs of—say—ahem—any member of the firm."

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